THE EMERALD.

....SEMPER REFULGET.....

No. 4.

Boston, Saturday, May 24, 1806.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For the Emerald.

THE WANDERER,

No. XXVIII.

DESCRIPTIONS of imaginary scenes and delineations of ideal character are disseminated with applause and read with avidity. The daily incidents of life, however important to the happiness of society, are regarded by a great part of the world with an interest far inferior to what is felt for the sufferings of an heroine, or the adventures of a knight errant. Some expect an European arrival for an account of "Deeds of arms and battles lost or won;" —some have only in view the event of mercantile speculations; others are concerned for the new fashions of dress and the regalia of the assembly room, and many anxious inquiries are heard for the last plays and the new novels, the invention of prolific talents, or the resource of ingenious mendacity.

There needs no other proof of the interest which is entertained for tales of wonder and fictitious exhibitions of distress than the view of a circulating library, and so captivating are these extraordinary accounts, that several daily papers in England have found it expedient to employ writers to give forcible descriptions of highway robberies that were never committed, and distressing accidents which never occurred. A taste for the marvelous is no evidence of superior understanding, because it implies a disposition ridiculously credulous, or shows that time is most egregiously mispent.

Truth may sometimes be very properly communicated through the medium of fiction and morality by fable; but the woman, who should draw her sentiments of virtue from the tales of the novelist, would never be designated for her domestic acquirements; and that man, who should form his courage or his honor on the standard of a hero in romance, would be laughed at for his folly and censured for his rashness. To interest the passions in sympathy with characters who are drawn after the model of nature is a dangerous experiment, because sympathy leads to imitation and imitation is more likely to copy faults than virtues; but the novelist, to give a brilliancy to his hero not unfrequently contrasts the numerous excellencies of his character with some gay and fashionable vice, and surrounds him with so many causes for approbation, that experience is too apt to admire the character in gross. The interest of an entertaining novel frequently occasions intrusions on time which might be more profitably employed. True indeed, at the end of three or four volumes a moral may be found, and perhaps a judicious observer would gain opportunities for instruction from many of the incidents. But who reads a novel for morality? We have heard of a soldier who demonstrated to a *Justice* that a *pack of cards* was of the same utility as a *Bible*; and the intelligent FRANKLIN has mor-

alized on the *Game of Chess*. Few however, have such excentric genius as to learn morality from the gaming table, and the pretence is equally idle that they learn it from the circulating library. We would excuse however from farther researches into ethical science, those whose whole time has been employed in gaining lessons of morality from the adventures of a love sick heroine, and the expedients of officious chamber-maids. If their attention has been rightly directed, they must be examples for every virtue and rigid practitioners of the sublimest morality. Let them be asked however, whether in softening their heart, they have not inadvertently been hardening their brain? Whether they have gained as much useful information, as though their time had been devoted to studying the varied history of their own country, rather than the uniform happiness of Arcadia; to an acquaintance with the illustrious characters whose examples still shine in the hemisphere of science, rather than the intrigues of disappointed affection, and the arts of imaginary agents. Or ask them whether they would not have experienced more delight from Mrs. Radcliff's Romances, if they had been acquainted with the geography of the country in which her heroes were placed? They will perhaps reply that in lieu of the lumber of scholastic learning which never could be of practical utility—they have gained a knowledge of the world—they have the pleasant arts of conversation, and have fashioned their manners on models which had been considered standards of perfection. With respect to the world, not a single novel existing gives a correct exhibition of it—the characters are over drawn to make them interesting—virtues are described which are purer than the world will afford; innocence is represented more artless to make it more captivating, and vice more deceitful to make it more detestable. Every character in a novel has some distinguishing traits—some marks of originality, or it would not be introduced—but in the world people are neither *very good* nor *very bad*; they are neither celebrated for virtues nor notorious for vices; they will deceive without any of those marks which the novelist has attached to a villain, and may be honest without that simplicity by which virtue is designated.

The funds for *conversation* which are obtained by novel-reading are beneath the notice of a man of understanding. The flippancy which it affords—the stringing of sentence after sentence, and the rapid utterance of unmeaning remarks are not to be considered as elegant conversation; nor are exclamations of pity for an unfortunate catastrophe to claim the merit of tenderness or sentiment. The person whose ideas are confined within the compass of a love tale, unless occasionally roused by some story of supernatural agency, can have made but few useful observations or stored his mind with facts which enliven and enlighten society.

With regard to manners it might be remarked that every woman was not intended for an heroine. The romantic descriptions of unadulterated happiness, and the promised fruition of similar enjoyments fill them with sensations, which should never have been indulged and oftentimes lead to actions which should never have been committed. With the best intentions in the world a reader of novels may be duped by arts that might prove fatal to her quiet, when a girl whose mind had not been lethargized by these sleeping potions, would instantly have detected and exposed them.

FOR THE EMERALD.

No. 1.

THE ingenious Mr. Jacob Bryant, in 1796, published a book entitled "A Dissertation concerning the war of Troy, and the expedition of the Grecians, as described by Homer; shewing that no such expedition was ever undertaken, and that no such city of Phrygia existed." This singular attempt has found its supporters and defenders in the higher ranks of literature, and has excited the attack of a champion, who is eminent for his adroitness in the field of polemics. Among the first, may be mentioned the author of the Pursuits of Literature; the last is Mr. Gilbert Wakefield. The arguments of Mr. Bryant are considered powerful; those of Mr. Wakefield comparitively feeble; for, in the language of the Reviewers, "notwithstanding his vigour in advancing to the charge, and intrepidity displayed in the conflict, his adversary remains on the field with his head-quarters unforced."

Mr. Bryant argues thus; First. It was the opinion of Anaxagoras, the celebrated philosopher, and his friend, the historian, Metrodorus Lampsacenus, that the poem was an allegory, and the armament of Grecians a fable. Besides, Hestiœa Alexandrina, a learned female of Troas, wrote concerning the war, but could never determine the existence of the city, nor was it known to any of the early natives of that region. These three persons lived in the country where the city was supposed to have stood. Second. It is improbable a ten years' war ever took place *to bring back Helen from Troy*, when, by the accounts of Simonides, Herodotus and other respectable writers, *she never was there.*

To such arguments this objection is produced.—The truth of history does not depend upon the obscurity of the place in aftertime, or the uncertainty of its situation; What remains are there of Nineveh and Babylon? and, in England, of Silchester and Verulam?

But this does not meet Mr. Bryant fairly; for although the objection, as far as it applies, may be admitted, for the sake of the argument, yet, Mr. B. went further and said, not only that there are no ruins of Troy, but that the most early natives of the region had no account of it, nor even tradition. They not only had no account where it did stand, but found it impossible, upon examination, to ascertain where it could have stood. "In respect to Nineveh and Babylon, the natives had traditions and histories; likewise in respect to Verulam and Silchester we have histories and traditions; the places retain their names and their identity was never disputed." This is the author's defence.

Mr. Wakefield, in his letter to Mr. Bryant, assumes two general propositions, by which he thinks to destroy every vestige of argumentation and every delusory appearance of probability, in favour of his hypothesis.

The first proposition is this. "No leading point of history, of various connection, abundant attestation and general belief, from remote antiquity contiguous to its achievement, can be disproved or discredited by the disagreements and inconsistencies of writers relative to concomitant circumstances of subordinate consideration, and much less by the vague and arbitrary conjectures of ingenious disputants in distant ages."

Here Mr. Wakefield does not fairly apply his proposition to the question. For admitting that "no leading point of history, of various

connection, abundant attestation, and general belief, &c." can "be disproved by disagreements of writers respecting subordinate circumstances," yet Mr. Wakefield must first prove that there is "abundant attestation and general belief, from remote antiquity contiguous to its achievement," before he invalidates Mr. B.'s arguments against the existence of an expedition against Troy in Phrygia. But by assuming it for a fact, Mr. W.'s theorem is little else than a begging of the question; for whether it be fact or fable is the point in dispute.

Besides, does Mr. Bryant in fact rely on "*the disagreements of writers relative to concomitant circumstances of subordinate consideration*," to disprove the expedition to Troy? If not, the proposition has no application. Of the three writers on whom he relies, two contend that Homer's poem was allegorical, and the armament of the Grecians a fable; and the other that the existence of the city could never be determined, and that the earliest natives of the region, where it was supposed to have stood, had no tradition of it. These surely are not "circumstances of subordinate consideration."

The second proposition is this. "Such a fact as I stated above cannot be invalidated by arguments derived from poetic fable, which takes a striking event merely as a groundwork, and has always been indulged in a superinduction of adventitious embellishments, either resulting from an exaggeration and modification of received truths, or an absolute invention of imaginary circumstances."

This postulatum is concurred in; but to what does it lead? The same thing is assumed as before; for Mr. W. does not pretend to distinguish the fact from the fable, or to authenticate the one independent of the other. Unless this is done, in our enquiries for his "abundant attestation *contiguous*" to the "achievement" of the fact, we retrace no further than Homer, where we stop as coeval with the event: Here then we have no more "abundant attestation" of the presumed fact, than Homer's poem, which Mr. W. acknowledges to be in part a fable. Therefore it follows, that if such a fact as is presumed cannot be invalidated by arguments derived from the *fable* of the poet, so neither can it be established thereby. But as Mr. Wakefield does not offer any proof of the existence of "*Troy in Phrygia*," and Mr. Bryant does not deny, but that a war against a city called Troy (probably in Egypt) might have given rise to the fable, the very matter in dispute, by implication at least, seems to be given up.

Mr. Bryant has been accused of ruining credibility and endangering all religious faith, by this attempt. For to what can we trust, it is said, if an object of belief, so long and and universally admitted is proved to be a mere apologue and fable? The answer is, that christianity ought to be better founded, than, for its credibility to depend on the existence or non-existence of a city, or town or rotten borough. If it were placed on such a basis, it would indeed be a cause of alarm. But there is in fact no cause of alarm. How can it concern any one whether Paris went to Sparta, or lived in Egypt, or whether he lived at all;

"What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba?"

But Mr. Bryant himself gives an answer to every objection, on the score of weakening religious faith. He declares there can be no harm in stripping the tree of science of its spurious branches; and that "*the detection of error can never be an obstacle to truth.*"

BIOGRAPHY.

A brief sketch of the Life of FREDERIC SCHILLER, *the German Dramatist; condensed from the Monthly Magazine.*

THE 10th of November 1759, was the day that ushered Schiller into the world. He was born at Marbach, in Wirtemberg where his father was then a lieutenant in the service of the Duke: but afterwards was promoted to a higher grade. Schiller had a brother, who translated Robertson's Charles Vth, and the Discovery of America, into German, and who is now alive and a bookseller at Mannheim: a sister is married to Counseller Reinswald of Meiningen, an illustrious member of the republic of letters.

While a boy, Schiller was distinguished by uncommon ardour of imagination; and nothing afforded him such delight as the perusal of the Prophecies of Ezekiel. The fancy of this prophet is inexhaustible; and he lays open new worlds to our view. His unfettered imagination bursts forth, and paints, though in glowing colours, yet in minute detail; and it is his peculiar character, that he transports all spiritual objects into the sensitive world, and converts them into a magnificent picture. The reader will undoubtedly recollect that passage, tremendously sublime, in which he represents himself standing among the tombs upon the mouldering bones of the dead; the tombs open, the mouldering bones issue forth, a new creation appears. Whoever will take the trouble to read this passage, and to compare it with Francis Moor's Dream, will not fail to recognize striking traits of resemblance.

In his youth, his parents thought proper to place him at the military School at Stuttguard, where the whole plan of instruction is perfectly on military principles; the pupils marching *en parade* from their bed to church, from church to breakfast, dinner, supper, to play and even to bed. Here existed only one virtue—subordination; but one crime—free-will, independence. This kind of life did not accord with the aspiring genius of Schiller: fate had destined him for a Shakespeare, and he could not submit to school discipline; hence he became disliked by the masters; and in their turn, they and their whole system were objects of his sincere aversion. He was extravagantly fond of history and although other heroes of antiquity had his cordial approbation, yet Brutus, was *his* hero. His sentiments of him were conveyed by his "Brutus in Elysium," a piece which he composed at that period.

The repugnance which he felt to his present situation, induced him to reflect on the adoption of some line of life, which he would pursue. Images and ideas crowded like a rising world upon his soul and he was unable to resist the impulse to delineate what lived, and glowed with ardour in his bosom. He determined to become an author and communicated his intention to his friend Zumsteeg, a celebrated musician, who approved his choice. He produced his "Robbers" in which his soul, panting for liberty, gives full scope to the sentiments with which it was impressed.

But this production proved a detriment to Schiller; the inspectors of the Academy thought the youth, for he had not completed his twentieth year, was infected with the most dangerous of all vices, a proud, independent and ambitious mind, and was the author of a performance by which all kind of subordination was trampled under

foot. They determined no longer to nourish the serpent in the maternal bosom of the institution; the ardent mind of the boy might one day or other unfold another Charles Moor, and if the flame were communicated to others, what consequences might result they were not prepared to withstand. Besides, some expressions in the play gave offence to persons in high stations. From these circumstances Schiller did not think it advisable to await the decision of his own fate, especially as he had printed an obnoxious poem on tyranny; he fled.

In Mannheim he found friends. He at first had recourse to his surgical attainments for subsistence; he was appointed surgeon to a regiment; but his friends soon opened for him a career more adapted to his wishes and talents; the post of dramatist to the theatre of the city was procured for him. In this station he wrote "The conspiracy of Fiesco," and "Intrigue and Love." The "Rhenish Thalia" deserves to be mentioned.

"The Robbers" was so violently attacked as to produce a kind of justification in the German Museum of 1784, by the author. He says "the whole moral world has charged the author with treason. His only defence is the climate under which he was born.—If among the multiplied censures of the Robbers only one is just, it is this, that I presumed to delineate mankind two years before I had any intercourse with them."

His reputation was soon established; and Schiller now wished to see something more of the world. Without other fortune, the fortune of his genius inspired him with confidence in himself; and his fame gave him reason to hope that he should every where meet with friends.—He left Mannheim. At Mentz, to which city he repaired, he had the good fortune to become acquainted with that illustrious patron of the arts and sciences, the Duke of Weimar, to whom he read the first act of his Don Carlos. Soon after this interview he visited Saxony, where Dresden captivated him by its charming situation, its treasures of art, its rich library, and the many men of genius whom he found there. Schiller now plunged into life, in order to drink of it in copious draughts. It must not however be imagined, that, like the voluptuary, he indulged in the enjoyment of uninterrupted pleasure. For weeks and months he was buried among his books, which he scarcely quitted for a moment; he then rested for a time, but appeared only to have desisted from his labours. With great geniuses, it is well known, that these pauses are only moments in which they collect their energies, in order to apply themselves with increased ardour to their darling pursuits. Such was the case with Schiller. At such times he wandered through the country, where the grandeur of nature reanimated his genius, and his heart throbbed with new force. One of his favourite amusements was to take an excursion in a boat on the beautiful river, especially during storms, when the stream rose in foaming billows, and all the elements appeared in conflict. The harsher the thunder, the greater was his delight. Once, when the most awful peals reverberated among the mountains, and the tempestuous wind lashed the stream into lofty waves, he was so enraptured with the terrific grandeur of nature, that he could not forbear to hail the scene with an exulting *Bravo!*

[*to be continued.*]

For the Emerald.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS

And Original Remarks.

Antipater of Sidon has written a very elegant and simple poem, descriptive of the affectionate dependence of a young and tender woman on her husband, and the mutual assistance and comfort he derives from her society. The metaphor is a very common one, but here it is introduced with a delicacy and propriety that I never observed elsewhere.

See yonder blushing vine-tree grow,
And clasp a dry and wither'd plane,
And round its youthful tendrils throw
To shelter it from sun and rain.

That sapless trunk, in former time,
Gave covert from the noontide blaze,
And taught the infant shoot to climb,
Which now the pious debt repays.

And thus, kind powers, a partner give,
To share in my prosperity,
Hang on my strength while yet I live,
And do me honor when I die.

The *Appian* way, leading from Rome to Naples, was more frequented than any other, on that account, by persons of quality. Mr. Addison supposes their usual travelling for a day to be not more than fourteen miles; in modern times the travel for an hour.

Nothing is more remarkable, in the inhabitants of Naples, than the life of laziness and pleasure which they lead. And they have been notorious for it, from the time of the ancient Romans until now.

"This," says Mr. Addison, "was perhaps the reason that the ancients tell us one of the Sirens was buried in this city, which thence received the name of Parthenope."

—— *Improba Siren*
Desidia ——

Sloth, the deluding *Siren* of the mind.

Here wanton *Naples* crowns the happy shore,
Nor vainly rich, nor despicably poor,
The town in soft solemnities delights,
And gentle poets to her arms invites;
The people free from cares, serene and gay,
Pass all their mild untroubled hours away.
Parthenope the rising city nam'd
A *Siren*, for her songs and beauty fam'd,
That oft had drown'd among the neighb'ring seas,
The list'ning wretch, and made destruction please.

In his analysis of the character of Richard the Third, Mr. W. Richardson observes, respecting the danger in which that prince's conduct had involved him, that 'he now arrives at the brink of ruin, and the slightest impulse will push him into the abyss. He resembles the misshapen rock described in a fairy tale. "This astonishing rock," says the whimsical novelist, "was endowed, by infernal sorcery, with a power of impetuous motion. It rolled through a flourishing kingdom; it crushed down its opponents; it laid the land desolate; and was followed by a stream of blood. It arrived unwittingly at an awful precipice; it had no power of returning, for the bloody stream that pursued it was so strong that it never rolled back. It was pushed from the precipice; was shivered into fragments; and the roar of its downfall arose unto heaven."

'Fancy! thou changeful maid,
Now in dark weeds array'd,
And now in all the hues of orient light;
While Reason slumb'ring lay,
Ere yet the golden ray
Of Science pierc'd the gloom of gothic night,
Hell's inauspicious meteors round thee blaz'd,
And pallid Fear crouch'd low, and shudder'd as he gaz'd.

EPIGRAM.....*On Anacreon Moore, Esq.*

O MOURN not for Anacreon fled,
O weep not for Anacreon dead!
The lyre still breathes that liv'd before,
For we have one *Anacreon Moore!*

Sir Isaac Newton, who pursued his researches into the laws of nature so profoundly, never pronounced the name of God without moving his hat; and otherwise expressing the most devout respect. A poor Arabian of the desert, ignorant as most of the Arabians are, was one day asked how he came to be assured there was a God?—"In the same way," replied he, "that I am enabled to tell, by a print impressed on the sand, whether it was a man or beast that passed that way."

On hearing a young lady too frequently exclaim—"THE DEVIL!"

Yes, I have said that being would be blest,
By whom so sweet a maid should be possest.
But now I own myself a wretched guesser;—
I never dreamt the *Devil* would possess her.

Another on the same occasion.

The charms of *Ella* who shall dare deny!
Youth decks her cheek, and love informs her eye;
Her mouth would mollify a heart of flint;
So truly tempting, that—the *Devil's* in't!

Goldsmith finished the life of Lord Bolingbroke, with the following observation:

As a moralist, Lord BOLINGBROOKE by having endeavoured at too much, seems to have done nothing: but, as a political writer, few can equal, and none can exceed him. As he was a practical politician, his writings are less filled with those speculative illusions, which are the result of solitude and seclusion. He wrote them with a certainty of their being opposed, sifted, examined, and reviled; he therefore took care to build them up of such materials, as could not be easily overthrown: they prevailed at the the times in which they were written, they still continue to the admiration of the present age, and will probably last forever.

The ensuing character of BURKE, is the conclusion of an essay, written by the late William Beckford, Esq. on the question, whether men of genius are exempted from the infirmities of nature?

FERVID in thought, and graceful in elocution, he produced from the fertile laboratory of his brain tropes and figures, without embarrassment, and metaphors without end. His imagination was prurient, beyond a rivalship; and his descriptions so animated and so enchanting, that they rather satiated from sweetness, than grew vapid from a want of variety. And yet, he who was thus embellished by nature, and thus refined by art; thus selecting, and thus admired, was more than most men perplexed by the multiplicity of his images, the eructations of his wit; and subject to that irritability of talents, which is the too frequent accompaniment of a great and a comprehensive mind.

If, with a graceful, he sometimes scattered his flowers with too unsparing a hand; and was often found to drop a weed, when it should have been torn from the soil—let it be remembered that he still was a man, and subject to the imperfections of his condition. If ideas of a more lax and less impressive import, succeeded to the general tenor and enforcing vigour of his style, and that the beauty of his thoughts and the harmony of his execution were diminished by the introduction of similies and expressions, not elegantly applicable nor glowingly pourtrayed; we should compare them to those passing clouds that, for a moment, over-shadow the face of nature, to allay the intensity of the solar beams, and to encourage them

to break forth again with additional warmth, and with a fresh and unaccustomed lustre.

Elevated in his conceptions, and splendid in his diction, his imagination was too often excursive, at the expense of his judgment; and, combining with too much facility, he selected with too little reserve. Possessed of equal powers to astonish and delight, he surprised by the rapid flow of sentences and words, by the brilliancy of his perceptions, the depth of his researches, and the versatility of his acquirements: while the treasures of his intellect were generally disseminated by a stream of eloquence, impressive, full, and clear.

But, since his ideas were prompt and fervid, and his execution ever ready at command, it is not to be wondered at, as his enthusiasm was so apt to blaze, that, when his mind was heated, and drew fire from every object, it should sometimes rather consume than cherish whatever was found within the reach of its embrace; but if the sun have specks, what man shall dare to arrogate perfection?

As we feel unequal to do justice to the extent, and to detail the variety, of his literary talents, so are we unwilling to investigate the temper of his politics. There are many as willing as ourselves to extol the first; and there may be too many found to condemn the last. He has now paid the debt of nature, and may his ashes be allowed to repose in peace!

Foreign, Literary, and Scientific Notices.

The manuscripts hitherto inspected, which have been discovered at Herculaneum, amount to one hundred and forty; eight of these have been interpreted and transmitted for examination, that they may be ordered to be printed. Of these manuscripts, six are of Epicurus, entitled On Nature. Another is by Philodemus; its title is, On Anger. The eighth wants the title and name of the author; it treats of nature and the worship of the gods. The next four are almost entirely explained; but have not been transmitted. Their titles are as follow:—one on logick, entitled On the strength of Arguments drawn from Analogy; Treatise on Vices and the contrary Virtues; On Death. These three works are by Philodemus. The author of the fourth is Polistratus, On unreasonable Contempt; that is of those who despise unjustly what others commend. This is the least damaged, and many passages are absolutely untouched. The other *papyri* are in great part by Philodemus; they treat of rhetorick, poetry and morality. Some time must necessarily elapse before they can be published.

On Sunday the 8th of December, about six o'clock in the evening, Mr. Firminger, the able and indefatigable assistant at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, discovered a comet in the constellation *Aquarius*. To the naked eye its appearance was similar to a star of the first magnitude when covered by a cloud, through which it might be faintly seen; or rather like what Jupiter would appear under similar circumstances; but when viewed through a night-glass, it appeared to have a bright nucleus surrounded by a coma. As it was approaching the meridian, Mr. F. found that its light was sufficiently strong to enable him to illuminate the wires in the focus of the telescope, so as to observe its passage with great accuracy. The mean time of its transit was 6 hrs. 24 min. 7 sec. with right ascension, 11 signs, 23 deg. 6 min. 49 sec. and south declination 23 deg. 41 min. 8 sec. Dr. Herschel observed the same comet at Slough, about the same time that it was discovered by Mr. Firminger.

The Prussian Government has ordered a prize medal to be struck for the purpose of promoting Vaccine Innoculation.

According to the report of the minister of public instruction, there is at present in Russia 494 institutions for education, directed by 1475 masters, and attended by 33,434 scholars. The

expense of these establishments costs government annually almost two millions of roubles. Among these are not reckoned those for the corps of cadets, or for pages, the academy of arts, the schools of commerce, nor the institution for female education. Those who know the state in which Russian education was at the accession of Alexander, may judge by this detail what he has done towards enlightening his vast empire.

The following is a method of preparing a luminous bottle, which will give sufficient light during the night to admit of the hour being easily seen on the dial of a watch:—"A phial of clear white glass, of a long form, should be chosen, and some fine olive-oil should be heated to ebullition in another vessel. A bit of phosphorus, the size of a pea, should be thrown into a phial, and the boiling oil carefully poured over it, till the phial is one third filled.—The phial must now be carefully corked, and when it is to be used, it should be unstopped, to admit the external air, and closed again. The empty space of the phial will then appear luminous, and give as much light as a dull ordinary lamp.—Each time that the light disappears, on removing the stopper it will instantly reappear. In cold weather the bottle should be warmed in the hands before the stopper is removed. A phial thus prepared may be used every night for six months.

Mr Bowyer of the Historic Gallery Pall-Mall, is to prepare an authentic and splendid account "Of the life of the late Lord Nelson;" a great variety of documents will be communicated to Mr. B. by his Lordship's most intimate and confidential friend Alexander Davidson, Esq. as well as by officers of the navy.

A number of Historical engravings will enrich the work, among which will be a portrait of the Victory, in the shattered state she appeared immediately after the action of Trafalgar; plates will also be given of every part which may be necessary to increase the interest of the departed hero,

"Who dying sunk a sun upon Loraine."

Domestic Literary Observations.

Perhaps the United States, has never before witnessed a period more congenial than the present to the cultivation of literature. As the increase of news-papers is considered, the best evidence of the attention paid to political concerns, so every additional periodical publication in the literary world, may be looked upon as symptom of an increasing thirst for knowledge among the people. The first luminary which diffused a permanent light in our dark horizon was the Port-Folio; it arose with splendor; and the gathered rays of public favour have uniformly marked its course. The Port-Folio, was however, for a long time a solitary flower, by the way side, the followers of traffic, and the busy politician although they constantly had it in view, and were sensible of its fragrance were too intent on their own pursuits to afford it superabundant nurture; and no new growths were attempted, or if attempted were blasted in the bud.

The "Anthology," at length ventured to appear and though its waters are deeper, and its course more regular and uniform, it has in it none of the enchanting scenery and delightful cataracts which diversify the Port Folio. The Monthly Anthology, and Boston Review, is a work of sterling merit; has little alloy, and begins to pass current among many.

The "Literary Miscellany" published at Cambridge, was full-grown at its birth; without seeming to solicit the extraneous aid which youth in general claims it has marched with a firm and manly step. Its dignity should insure it support.

In South Carolina, Mr. Carpenter, the well-known and erudite editor of the "Charleston Courier," has undertaken a work of such magnitude, that he has found it necessary to engage a co-adjutor. It is an impartial register of the passing times, both literary and political. "As a stranger," we do not bid it welcome, but we welcome it "as a friend," though it visit us irregularly and at the "eleventh hour."

We recognise a favourite of the muses in the author of the Ode on "Spring;" his harp is wildly strung, but sounds sweetly. The lines shall appear before the season has departed.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Emerald.

THE FOLLY OF AMBITION.

While Xerxes his imperial armies view'd,
Sighs rent his breast, his eyes o'erflow'd with tears;
"How soon shall death relentless here obtrude, [appears.
And level all the pomp which now
"When a few years shall pass their little round,
No more the million which I now survey
In glittering pride, in armour shall be found, [clay."
But mingle low in dust, and rest in
Why did the tyrant, then, with impious pride,
Unnecessary conquest far extend;
Quench his ambition in the purple tide,
And life, so short, accelerate its end?

Or, why did devastation o'er the plain,
And death and terror, spread their dreary wings,
Mere earthly immortality to gain,
The stimulus of war!....the pride of kings!

Short is the term prescrib'd to mortal man;
Precarious is the state in which we live; [span,
Shall fell ambition then contract the
Or, mutilate a life, it cannot give?

Athirst for fame th' ambitious and the great,
May shorten life—yet in some future hour,
They too must feel the piercing shaft of fate, [power.
And own the justice of a greater

Ah! what avails the great, aspiring soul,
Or, all the pride of sublumary things;
Since all mankind are hast'ning to the goal, [as kings'.
Where savage dust shall rest, as safe

Observe, my soul, the busy and the gay,
In all the gaudy hues of fortune drest:
Soon will their transitory joys decay!....
Soon will they die at fate's severe behest.

Observe where *Folly* holds her midnight reign,
(Debarr'd from reason, and devoid of truth,)
There learn how superficial & how vain,
The tasteless joys, that waste the days of youth.

View the bare sculls, the mould'ring dust, which were,
The wisest heads, and fairest beauties bloom;
The trophies of insatiate Death declare
All, all are posting to the clay cold tomb.

Thus from the scenes of human life discern,
The misery which nature ever brings,
And from the transitory objects learn,
How vain the wish that sighs for earthly things.

POLLIO.

For the Emerald.

HYMN TO HEALTH.

In every youthful charm array'd,
From blissful skies descend,
Sweet blooming Hygeia, lovely maid,
My ardent prayer attend.

I ask not all the tawdry shew
Of th' ignorant and vain:
Nor yet the joys of those who view
With envy, Fortune's train.

I ask not all Ambition's bliss,
Nor stores of richest food,
For without health each blessing is
A poor redundant good.

Not with the miser I'd rely
On gold—the specious glare!
Tho' *Business* may the wealth supply,
The keys are kept by *Care*.

But here, O goddess, fix thy reign
Within my anxious breast,
Thee, and thy ever-cheerful train,
Contentment, peace, and rest.

At thy approach, O rosy health,
Disease and pain depart,
Content, (superior far to wealth)
Gives pleasure to the heart.

FLORIO.

AN ARABIAN DESERTED VILLAGE.

By Lebin, *An Arabian writer.*
Translated by J. D. Carlyle, *Professor of Arabic in the University of Cambridge.*

Those dear abodes which once contain'd the fair,
Amidst Mitata's wilds I seek in vain,
Nor towers, nor tents, nor cottages are there,

But scatter'd ruins and a silent plain.

The proud canals that once Rayana grac'd,
Their course neglected and their waters gone, [trac'd,
Among the level'd sands are dimly
Like moss-grown letters on a mould-ering stone.

Rayana say, how many a tedious year
Its hallow'd circle o'er our heads hath roll'd, [ear,
Since to my vows thy tender maids gave
And fondly listen'd to the tale I told?

How oft, since then, the star of spring, that pours
A never failing stream, hath drench'd thy head?
How oft, the summer cloud in copious showers [shed?
Or gentle drops its genial influence

How oft, since then, the hovering mist of morn
Hath caus'd thy locks with glittering gems to glow?
How oft hath eve her dewy treasures borne [low?
To fall responsive to the breeze be-

The matted thistles, bending to the gale,
Now clothe those meadows once with verdure gay;
Amidst the windings of that lonely vale
The teeming antelope & ostrich stray:

The large-ey'd mother of the herd, that flies
Man's noisy haunts, here finds a sure retreat,
Here tends her clustering young, till age supplies
Strength to their limbs and swiftness to their feet.

Save where the swelling stream hath swept those walls,
And giv'n their deep foundation to the light,
(As the retouching pencil that recalls
A long-lost picture to the raptur'd sight.)

Save where the rains have wash'd the gather'd sand
And bar'd the scanty fragments to our view,
(As the dust* sprinkled on a punctur'd hand
Bids the faint tints resume their azure hue)

No mossy record of those once lov'd seats [eyes;
Points out the mansion to enquiring
No tottering wall, in echoing sounds, repeats
Our mournful questions and our bursting sighs.

Yet midst those ruin'd heaps, that naked plain,
Can faithful memory former scenes restore,
Recall the busy throng, the jocund train,
And picture all that charm'd us there before?

Ne'er shall my heart the fatal morn forget
That bore the fair ones from these seats so dear—
I see, I see the crowding litters yet,
And yet the tent-poles rattle in my ear.

I see the maids with timid steps ascend,
The streamers wave in all their paint-ed pride,
The floating curtains every fold extend,
And vainly strive the charms within to hide.

What graceful forms those envious folds enclose!
What melting glances thro' those curtains play!
Sure Weira's antelopes, or Tudah's roes
Thro' yonder veils their sportive young survey.

The band mov'd on—to trace their steps I strove,
I saw them urge the camels hastening flight, [grove,
Till the white vapour,† like a rising
Snatch'd them for ever from my ach-ing sight.

Nor since that morn have I Nawara seen'
The bands are burst which held us once so fast,
Mem'ry but tells me that such things have been, [past.
And sad reflection adds that they are

* It is a custom with the Arabian women, in order to give the veins of their hands and arms a more brilliant appearance, to make slight punctures along them, and to rub into the incisions a blue powder, which they renew occasionally as it happens to wear out.

† The vapor here alluded to, called by the Arabians Serab, is not unlike in its appearance (and probably proceeding from a similar cause) to those white mists which we often see hovering over the surface of a river in a summer's evening after a hot day. They are very frequent in the sultry plains of Arabia, and when seen at a distance, resemble an expanded lake; but upon a nearer approach, the thirsty traveller perceives his deception. Hence the Serab in Arabian poetry is a common emblem of disappointed expectation.

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